

There is something strangely pathetic in the odd friendship between the witless Mistress Wayne and the ghost-seeing sexton, and seldom in modern fiction has the supernatural been more ably handled than in the legend of Barguest, the phantom hound, who is a kind of tutelary genius to the Waynes.

The folk of the moor call the mad "fairy-kissed," and it is supposed that anyone who shows kindness to the mad enjoys the special protection of spirits. The little fairy-kissed stepmother sees Barguest as naturally as though he were a real dog. When, on the morning after the tragedy, she wanders up to Wildwater, the dwelling of the "Lean Man" and his kin, she is repulsed with heartless mockery, but Shameless Wayne, spite of the ruin she has wrought, is tender and kind to her in her affliction, and she becomes as it were, the medium through which the phantom hound shows itself—the protecting fortune of the Waynes, the evil genius of the Ratcliffes. In the final, horrible scene, where the Lean Man lies, feigning death in his coffin, it is through the little fairy-kist woman that the spectral avenger gains admission.

It is a book that leaves a clean-cut impression, full of force and vigour, suggesting "Wuthering Heights" here and there, and then again Blackmore, as in the rollicking chapter which treats of the holding of the Pinfold. But Mr. Sutcliffe is no borrower. He has more than force enough to stand alone. It is the best romance of the wilder side of rural life that I have read since Eden Philpott's "Children of the Mist." G. M. R.

Poem.

IN WAR TIME.

Upon the dreary hills our sons lie dead;
Obedient unto death, they fought and bled.
Not theirs the sin, not theirs the blame,
To *them* give gratitude, to *them* give fame.
O Lord of all that die and all that live,
Comfort the sorrowing, and forgive, forgive.

Heathens are we; we take no heed of Thee:
Slaves—boasting of our liberty,
Blindfold we're led whither we would not go;
Abject we stand, in anger, tears, and woe.
Father of those who die and those who live,
We dare not ask Thy blessing, yet forgive.

The boastful and the proud will be laid low—
Lord, we deserve it; yet withhold the blow:
Purge us of selfishness and lust and greed;
Uphold us, Lord, in this our sorest need.
Father of all who die and all who live,
O Lord of Justice and of Love, forgive.

—*Westminster Gazette.*

E. E. J.

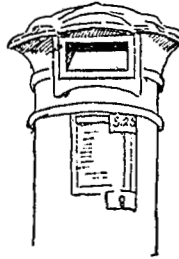
WHAT TO READ.

- "Innermost Asia: A Record of Travels and Sport in the Pamirs." By Ralph P. Cobbold.
- "The Apostolic Age: Its Life, Doctrine, Worship, and Polity." By James Vernon Bartlet, M.A.
- "The Earl of Beaconsfield." By Harold E. Gorst.
- "The Worshipper of the Image." By Richard le Gallienne.
- "The Sky Pilot." By Ralph Connor.
- "Outside the Radius: Stories of a London Suburb." By W. Pett Ridge.

Letters to the Editor.

NOTES, QUERIES. &c.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.



SOCIETY WOMEN AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the "Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—The advocates of trained nursing must all feel obliged to a "Society Woman" for kindly favouring us with her ideas as to the capacity of unprofessional persons to select candidates to fill professional posts. In all professions there is a degree of freemasonry whereby the idiosyncrasies of each member is known, or can be known to other members. Doctors are not trained nurses. Hence the mistake in allowing their testimonials much weight regarding qualifications of trained nurses. We may safely conclude that the Army nurse mentioned in the letter of "An Officer's Wife" on 10th inst. was not selected by any trained responsible Matron as suitable. We easily read between the lines that she is unsuitable, as no trained nurse would have "muddled" her work, nor been without some professional influence over her patient before a week's attendance expired; whilst no amount of "blowing up"—short of gunpowder—would cause a trained nurse to desert her patient. When we remember that many of these unsuitable persons are quite free of superintendence from experienced women we pity our soldiers, and regret that available professional forethought and guidance has not been admitted to the councils of those responsible for their selection.

Sincerely yours,

ROSINA GRAHAM.

Cardigan Road, Richmond.

DEAR MADAM,—Thank you so much for making clear in your reply to "A Society Woman" that my remarks on the question of the selection of nurses for the war were not disloyal as stated, and also for protesting in the name of graduate nurses, at ladies who evidently know nothing of nursing as a profession, undertaking the serious responsibility of selecting nurses without the expert aid of some of our experienced Matrons, the women who have devoted their lives in many instances to the work of organizing our education and in fighting for, often against strong adverse currents, the more efficient nursing of the sick. I have learnt from colleagues going to South Africa on the Yeomanry Hospital Staff, that Mr. Fripp, the Senior Civil Surgeon, personally interviewed the Nurses, and recommended them to a sub-committee composed of Lady Georgiana Curzon and Madame Van André, and moreover that many trained nurses holding a three years certificate of leading hospitals with further experience as Sisters and Assistant Matrons, have been passed over, and those with one and two years certificates, who in the first instance have merely potted round as Lady Pupils, thus never having been efficiently

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